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Review of New Books.

Illustrations of Biblical Literature, exhibiting the History and Fate of the Holy Writings, from the earliest period of the present Century; including Biographical Notices to Translators and other eminent Biblical Scholars. By the Rev. James Townley, author of Biblical Anecdotes. 8vo. 3 vols. London, 1821. Longman and Co.

The 'Biblical Anecdotes,' mentioned in the title-page above quoted, have made the author so sufficiently known as to render any notice or praise of him quite unnecessary. An able and diligent scholar, unweary in research, sound in principle, and impartial in the exposition of the truth, he has brought all those rare requisites to his great and laborious task which its extreme difficulty and vital importance demanded. His work has thus been made a vast storehouse of biblical learning, and a most interesting epitome of biblical history. Judging from our own impressions, we are free to say, that it presents a mass of information altogether extraordinary in an era when bookmaking has become a trade which men carry on with the slightest, or often without any capital; nor are its contents less valuable than they are various, less worthy of admiration for their intrinsic qualities than remarkable for being the result of patient study and deep inquiry. And we should be much misunderstood were it supposed from these observations that this is a heavy plodding book, fit only for the library of the erudit; on the contrary, it is delightfully calculated to blend recreation with utility, and, by being adapted to every capacity, is as suitable for general reading as it is excellent for scholastic reference. Indeed, we could not name a superior publication for the use of families: it is precisely at the head of that class which most highly recommends itself for perusal on the sabbath day, combining so much to fix the attention of the young and the less-informed with what it is good for all to learn, that it must yield at the same time the pleasure of ingenious fiction and light literature, and the gratification of holy truth and essential knowledge.

"The Bible (said Locke) has God for its author; Truth, without any mixture of Error, for its matter; and Salvation for its end;" and the author adds, —

"Impressed with these sentiments, the study of the invaluable Records of wisdom and grace, has formed one of the most interesting and delightful occupations of the present writer; and the more diligently and critically he has examined them, the more

fully he has been convinced of their divine origin and inspiration. To trace the successive history, and various fate, of these Divine Writings, from the promulgation of the Law, on Sinai, to the present eventful period, has, for several years, employed the hours which he could spare from the laborious engagements of ministerial duty. The present work is the result of some of those inquiries, and will, it is hoped, supply a desideratum in Sacred literature, by offering to the reader a more comprehensive view of the progress of Biblical translations, and of the literary and ecclesiastical history of the Holy Scriptures, than has hitherto been presented to the public."

We congratulate him on his success, and the public on the appearance of these volumes, the origin and objects of which are more fully explained in the following extract: —

"In 1813, the author published a small volume, intitled 'Biblical Anecdotes,' which met with a favourable reception, and was noticed in some of the literary journals with peculiar candour and liberality; another edition being called for, the writer conceived he could not more properly mark his grateful sense of the public approbation, than by endeavouring to render his work more perfect, and thereby, as he hoped, more useful to the Biblical scholar, and more worthy of general perusal. This he has attempted in the present 'Illustrations,' which, from its embracing a range and variety of information inconsistent with the size and object of his former publication, may be considered as a new work, and to which he has, therefore, prefixed a title more appropriate to the diversified nature of the subjects it embraces.

"In this work it has been the wish of the writer to present his readers with a connected view of the History of Biblical translations, and of the state of Sacred literature, from the earliest date, to the commencement of the present century, with 'Biographical notices of eminent Biblical Scholars and Critics,' and such occasional sketches of the history of the manners and superstitions of the darker ages, as may illustrate the advantages derivable from a more general dissemination of the Inspired Writings.—In such a work, various imperfections will doubtless be discovered by many excellent scholars, whose profound learning and extensive acquaintance with every part of Sacred literature and criticism, would have qualified them for undertaking a similar work, with peculiar success; the author, nevertheless, is assured, that those who are best able to appreciate the difficulties of the work, will be the first to apologize for its defects, and to render justice to its

merits. He is, however, free to confess that had he contemplated the obstacle which presented themselves to the accomplishment of his design, he should scarcely have ventured to undertake it. With hardly a ray to guide him through the untravoured paths of the dark ages of ignorance and superstition, he has turned over many a ponderous tome, hoping to meet with information suited to his subject, and been utterly disappointed. The scantiness of biographical history, the diversity of dates, and the discordant opinions of bibliographers, increased his labour: hours, and sometimes days have been spent, in procuring a biographical notice, fixing a date, ascertaining the author of a version, or reconciling the apparent contradictions of historical details, and, in some cases, without effect. If, after all, his work prove serviceable to the interests of the Christian Religion, to which he is infinitely indebted for invaluable consolations and hopes, and receive the approbation of the Almighty Head of the Church, the author will be more than remunerated for his labours.

Having thus developed his purpose, we shall proceed to exhibit the manner in which Mr. Townley has executed his design. He has divided his subject into centuries, commencing with a distinct view of Biblical literature before the Christian era. This portion occupies only 76 pages of the first volume, and is, like the rest of the work, replete with illustrations at once applicable and singularly interesting. For example, we find here a history of the earliest materials employed in recording human events or divine laws.—We are not aware of any subject more universally attractive, and we could not select a better introductory specimen of these instructing "Illustrations." We may preface that it is contended, that Moses was the first who delivered grammar or letters to the Jews, that the Samaritan is the oldest language, and that cutting on stone (as the Law on Mount Sinai) is the most ancient species of record. The author then says, —

"Similar practices were afterwards adopted by other nations; and hard substances, such as stones and metals, were generally made use of for edicts, and matters of public notoriety; hence the celebrated *Law of the Twelve Tables* among the Romans, were so called from being written or engraved on twelve slabs, or tablets of brass, or ivory, or oak; and hung up for public inspection. The laws penal, civil, and ceremonial, among the Greeks, were engraved on triangular tables of brass, which were called *Cybes*. Tritheimus asserts, that the public monuments of France were anciently inscribed on silver. The

Rev. Dr. Claudius Buchanan, in 1807, found the Jews in India in possession of several tablets of brass, containing grants of privileges made to their ancestors. In the *Asiatic Researches*, particularly in vol. IX. art. 10. various notices may be found of ancient grants, and inscriptions upon tablets or plates of brass: Gibbon also (Decline and Fall of the Rom. Emp. vol. VIII. ch. xlii. pp. 5, 6.) remarks, that in the year 1444, seven or eight tables of brass were dug up between Cortona and Gubio; part of them inscribed with the Etruscan character; the rest representing the primitive state of the Pelasgic letters and language. And Captain Percival relates, that when Raja Singa, king of Candy, sent an embassy to the Dutch governor of Pulicat in 1636, the letter with which the ambassador was charged, was written in Arabic, on tablets of gold. Montfaucon (Journey through Italy, p. 287) says, that in the palace of Struzzi at Rome, he saw a book made of marble, the leaves of which were cut to a wonderful thinness, so that turning them over, you might see all the several kinds of marble. The ancient Chaldeans stamped or engraved their astronomical observations upon bricks; and within a few years, considerable quantities of such bricks have been dug up in the vicinity of Hulah, the real or supposed site of the ancient Babel. Several *fac-similes* of the inscriptions on these bricks, are given in the *Classical Journal*, No. V. p. 127. Diogenes Laertius tells us concerning the Greek philosopher, Cleanthes, that 'being poor, and wanting money to buy paper, he was accustomed to write the lectures and discoveries of his master, Zeno, on small shells, or bones of oxen. The Koran of Mohamed was recorded at first, by his disciples, on palm-leaves, and the shoulder-bones of mutton; and kept in a domestic chest, by one of his wives. (Gibbon, Decline and Fall of Rom. Emp. vol. IX. ch. 1. p. 268.)

"According to Pliny, (Lib. ix. ch. 11.) one of the most ancient methods of writing was, upon the *Leaves of the Palm Tree*, and afterwards, upon the *inner Bark of Trees*. This mode of writing is still common in the East. In Tanjore and other parts of India, the Palmyra-leaf is used, on which they engrave with an iron style or pen; and so expert are the natives, that they can write fluently what is spoken deliberately. They do not look much at their *Ollas*, or leaves, while writing, the fibre of the leaf serving to guide the pen. The aptitude of the Christian Hindoos to copy the sermons they hear, is particularly noticed by the Rev. Dr. C. Buchanan, in his *Christian Researches*, p. 66. where he observes, that 'whilst the Rev. Dr. John delivered an animated discourse in the Tamul tongue, many persons had their *Ollas* in their hands, writing the sermon in Tamul short-hand.' Dr. Francis Buchanan, in a valuable essay 'On the Religion and Literature of the Burmas,' informs us, that 'in their more elegant books, the Burmas write on sheets of ivory, or on very fine white palmyra leaves. The ivory is stained black, and the margins are ornamented with gilding, while the characters are enamelled or gilded. On

the palmyra leaves the characters are in general of black enamel, and the ends of the leaves and margins, are painted with flowers in various bright colours. In their more common books, the Burmas, with an iron style, engrave their writing on palmyra leaves. A hole through both ends of each leaf, serves to connect the whole into a volume, by means of two strings, which also pass through the two wooden boards that serve for binding. In the finer binding of these kinds of books, the boards are lacquered, the edges of the leaves cut smooth and gilded, and the title is written on the upper board; the two cords are, by a knot or jewel, secured at a little distance from the boards, so as to prevent the book from falling to pieces, but sufficiently distant to admit of the upper leaves being turned back, while the lower ones are read. The more elegant books are in general wrapped up in silk cloth, and bound round by a garter, in which the Burmas have the art to weave the title of the book.'

"A beautifully written Indian manuscript now lies before me. The characters are minute and neatly executed. They have been written or engraved so as to enter into the substance of the leaf. The ink is black. The whole is composed of seven distinct portions of leaf, each portion being 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length and 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in breadth, the lines running parallel to each other from end to end of the leaf. Two holes are made in each leaf about six inches asunder. A string passing through the holes at each end secures the whole; but the leaves being written on both sides must be untied before they can be read.

"The Ceylonese sometimes make use of the palm-leaf, and sometimes of a kind of paper, made of bark, but most generally employ the leaf of the Talipot-tree. From these leaves, which are of immense size, they cut out slips, from a foot to a foot and a half long, and about a couple of inches broad. These slips are smoothed, and all excrescences pared off with a knife, and are then, without any other preparation, ready to be used. A fine pointed steel pencil, like a bodkin, and set in a wooden or ivory handle, is employed to write or rather to engrave their letters, on these talipot slips, which are very thick and tough; and in order to render the writing distinct and permanent, they rub them over with oil mixed with pulverized charcoal. They afterwards string several slips together, by a piece of twine passed through them, and attach them to a board in the same way as we file newspapers. In those letters or dispatches, which were sent by the King of Candy to the Dutch Government, the writing was inclosed in leaves of beaten gold, in the shape of a cocoa-tree leaf. This was rolled up in a cover richly ornamented, and almost hid in a profusion of pearls and other precious stones. The whole was inclosed in a box of silver or ivory, which was sealed with the king's great seal.

"Diodorus Siculus (Lib. ii. p. 84.) affirms, that the Persians of old wrote all their records on *skins*: and Herodotus, who flourished more than five hundred and fifty

years before the Christian era, informs us, (Lib. v.) that sheep skins and goat skins were made use of in writing by the ancient Ionians. Mr. Yeates even thinks it exceedingly probable, that the very Autograph of the Law written by the hand of Moses, was upon prepared skins. In Exodus xxvi. 14. we read that *Ram's Skins, dyed red*, made part of the covering for the tabernacle; and it is a singular circumstance, that in the year 1806, Dr. Claudius Buchanan obtained from one of the synagogues of the Black Jews, in the interior of Malabar in India, a very ancient manuscript roll, containing the major part of the Hebrew Scriptures, written upon *Goats' Skins*, mostly *dyed red*; and the Cabul Jews, who travel annually into the interior of China, remarked, that *in some synagogues the Law is still found written on a roll of leather; not on vellum, but on a soft, flexible leather, made of Goats' Skins, and dyed red*. Of the six *Synagogue-copies of the Pentateuch in Rolls*, which are all at present known in England, exclusive of those in the possession of the Jews, five are upon *skins or leather*, and the other upon *vellum*. One of these is in the Collegiate Library at Manchester, and has never been collated. It is written upon *Basil, or brown African skins*, and measures in length 106 feet, and is about 20 inches in breadth. The letters are black and well preserved, and the whole text is without points, accents, or marginal additions.

"The *skins of fishes* were also sometimes employed for writing upon; and Zonaras (Annal. Lib. iii.) relates, that the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer were written upon the *intestines of a serpent*, in characters of gold, forming a roll 100 feet in length. This singular work is said to have been consumed in the dreadful fire which happened at Constantinople, in the fifth century, and destroyed nearly the whole city, together with the Library, containing 20,000 volumes.

"From Job xix. 24, it appears to have been usual in his day, to write or engrave upon *Plates of Lead*, which might easily be done with a *Pen, or Graver, or Style of Iron*, or other hard metal. Montfaucon (Antiq. Expliquée, tom. II. p. 378.) assures us, that in 1699, he bought at Rome, a book entirely of lead, about four inches long, by three inches wide. Not only the two pieces which formed the cover, but also all the leaves, in number six, the stick inserted into the rings, which held the leaves together, the hinges, and the nails, were all of lead, without exception. It contained Egyptian Gnostic figures, and unintelligible writing.

"The *Works and Days* of Hesiod are also said to have been inscribed on a *leaden table*, carefully preserved in the Temple of the Muses, which, when shown to Pausanias, was almost entirely corroded through age. According to Pliny, the public documents were written in *leaden volumes*, after the use of the *Pugillares, or Wooden Tablets*, had been laid aside. Thin plates of lead, reduced to a very great degree of tenacity by the mallet, were occasionally used, particularly for *epistolary correspondence*. *Eneas Poliorcetes* tells

as, that they were beaten with a hammer until they were rendered very thin and pliable; that they were sometimes sewed up between the soles of the shoes; that even the messenger who carried them, was ignorant of the circumstance; and that while he slept, the correspondent to whom they were addressed, unsewed the shoes, read the letters, replaced others, and thus carried on a secret intercourse without suspicion.

"It was also an ancient practice, to write upon thin smooth planks or *Tables of Wood*. Pliny says, that table-books of wood were in use before the time of Homer. The Chinese, before the invention of paper, engraved with an iron tool upon thin boards, or upon bamboo; and in the Sloanian Library at Oxford, are six specimens of *Kufic* or ancient Arabic writing, on boards about two feet in length, and six inches in depth.

"The original manner of writing among the ancient *Britons* was, by cutting the letters with a knife upon sticks, which were most commonly squared, and sometimes formed into three sides; consequently a single stick contained either four or three lines. (See Ezek. xxxvii. 16.) Several sticks, with writing upon them, were put together, forming a kind of frame, which was called *Peithynem* or *Elucidator*, and was so constructed, that each stick might be turned for the facility of reading, the end of each running out alternately on both sides of the frame. A continuation of this mode of writing may be found in the *Runic*, or *Log Almanacks* of the Northern States of Europe, in which the engraving on square pieces of wood has been continued to the present time. A late writer informs us, the Boors of *Esel*, an island of the Baltic Sea, at the entrance of the Gulph of Livonia, continue the practice of making these rude calendars for themselves; and that they are in use likewise in the isles of *Ruhn* and *Mohn*. Two curious specimens of the Runic Almanacks are in the Collegiate Library at Manchester.

"Bishop Nicolson, in his *English Historical Library*, (2nd edit. fol. pt. i. p. 52.) remarks, 'The *Danes* (as all other ancient people of the world) registered their more considerable transactions upon Rocks, or on parts of them, hewn into various shapes and figures. On these they engraved such inscriptions as were proper for their Heathen altars, triumphal arches, sepulchral monuments, and genealogical histories of their ancestors. Their writings of less concern, (as letters, almanacks, &c.) were engraved upon Wood: and because *Beech* was most plentiful in Denmark, (though *Fir* and *Oak* be so in Norway and Sweden) and most commonly employed in these services, from the word *Bog*, which in their language is the name of that sort of wood, they and all other northern nations have the name of *Book*. The poorer sort used *Bark*; and the *Horns* of *Rein-deer* and *Elks* were often finely polished, and shaped into books of several leaves. Many of their old calendars are likewise upon *Bones* of *Beasts* and *Fishes*; but the inscriptions on *Tapestry*, *Bells*, *Parchment*, and *Paper* are of later use.'

(To be Continued.)

Sketches of Upper Canada, domestic, local, and characteristic: Practical Details for the information of Emigrants, &c. &c. By John Howison, Esq. 8vo. pp. 239. Edinburgh, 1821.

[General character; rise in the lakes; frog concert and snake perfume; fascination; Indian tale; burning forest.]

We have no where met with a more useful and agreeable volume on transatlantic circumstances than Mr. Howison has here offered to the public. It has observation, variety, impartiality and good sense to recommend it: the author is no builder of systems which require the conversion of a circle into a square to render feasible, but tells us (as it seems) honestly what he saw, and diversifies his narrative with so much of personal adventure and local painting, as to unite information with entertainment in a manner more skilful than has usually been shown by writers on American subjects. His faults, in our opinion, are, a straining after the descriptive in his views of scenery, which are sometimes rather poetical for the story of a plain traveller, whose chief object was instruction; occasional paradoxes, or rather contradictions, the result of a certain endeavour to place matters in all their bearings, which is common to Scotch authors, and proceeds from the diffusion of knowledge in that country where the people appear to learn more than they digest, and, consequently, where they are prone to generalize without the restraints of accurate balancing and strict consistency; and, lastly, a few northern idioms which might be overlooked in a less ambitious penman, but are blemishes in one who has laboured his composition in a literary style.

As the evidence of the last-mentioned defect will be visible in the course of our extracts, we feel called on to substantiate only the two preceding animadversions, and this we shall do by very brief quotations: first, of the poetical picturesque, which would be well if not too abundant:—

"About ten at night I went out to ascertain the state of the weather. It had ceased snowing, but the wind was still very high. The heavens were covered with large fleeces of broken clouds, and the stars flashed through them as they were wildly hurried along by the blast. The frozen surface of Lake St. Clair stretched in chill and dreary extent towards the horizon, and exhibited a motionless and unvaried expanse, except when a gust of wind whirled a wreath of snow into the air, and swept it forward in eddying columns. The leafless trees creaked and groaned under the blast, and the crashing of boughs, yielding to its violence, broke upon the ear at irregular intervals.

"The scene, though sublime, created a shuddering sensation, so that I gladly returned to the house, and followed my host to the chamber in which I was to sleep."

Our second example is of the paradoxical:—

"The Indians are feeble and useless allies, but dangerous enemies. They were of little benefit to us during the last war, being under no discipline or subordination;

and generally taking to flight at the commencement of an action, and returning at its termination, that they might plunder the dead of both armies. However, had they been hostile to us, they might have done incalculable mischief; for their intimate knowledge of the woods, their talents for ambuscade, and the unerring fire of their rifles, would enable them to harass and weaken an enemy, without incurring almost any risk themselves."

Now we cannot understand how the same parties can be feeble and useless allies, but incalculably mischievous as enemies; what would hurt a British force must hurt an American one, and vice versa.

Having paved our way to the author's better parts, we have shortly to state, that he completely traversed Upper Canada, of which he has detailed much that is important and more that is amusing than could have been expected from a tour in a recently-settled province among forests, swamps, and hovels, with their cultivated patches. We will not, however, enter into an analysis of the work, nor stop in the early stages of the journey, especially as the book is of a moderate price, and likely to be consulted by the classes of persons interested in its subject: a selection from its contents will exemplify its qualities. On Lake Ontario, the author says,—

"The most remarkable phenomenon which this and the other lakes exhibit, is that increase and rise of their waters which is said to take place at regular periods. It occurs, in a moderate degree, every seven years, and to a very great extent once in thirty or forty. In the year 1816, the waters of Lake Ontario were seven feet and a half perpendicular above their average height, and Lake Erie was affected in a similar way. I have visited the shores of Lake Ontario several times, accompanied by a person who resides upon them, whose intelligence and indisputable veracity made me put full confidence in the information he gave, and from whom I received proofs of the accuracy of what I have now stated. I likewise saw the remains of a large storehouse which had been built a few years before, in a situation that seemed quite inaccessible to the lake, although the waters have surrounded and nearly demolished it."

"This singular phenomenon affords a problem very difficult to solve. The quantity of water that must be required to increase the depth of Lake Ontario, and all the other lakes, seven and a half feet perpendicular, is so vast, that it is impossible to conceive where its source can be.—The height of the waters of the lakes, indeed, varies a few inches almost daily; but this is occasioned by changes in the direction of the wind. When it is east, or north-east, the waters are driven back, or at least impeded in their course, and consequently an accumulation takes place, which makes the lakes rise; but if it blows from the south, or south-west, the direction in which they flow, their waters are hurried towards the St. Lawrence, and, of course, decrease in height in proportion to the strength of the wind."

"Sir Alexander Mackenzie, during his voyage to the north-west, observed that the waters of the rivers and lakes which he navigated underwent considerable variation in their height, the increase and decrease sometimes amounting to two or three feet; which proves that this phenomenon is not confined to the lower lakes. If this augmentation of the waters took place only at irregular periods, we might suppose that it proceeded from the occasional melting of part of those immense quantities of ice and snow which are accumulated in the northern regions; but even this would scarcely be adequate to produce the effect which cannot at present be rationally accounted for."

Near Lake Erie we have a natural exhibition of another sort:-

"Here, (says Mr. H.), for the first time, I was gratified with an opportunity of listening to a frog concert, as I passed a mill-pond which swarmed with bull-frogs. The noise which these animals make is so disproportioned to their size, that it startles the ear not a little. At first, several of them utter their notes at intervals, like the performers in an orchestra tuning their instruments; then they all join, as if by one impulse, in a chorus, deep, loud, and discordant, beyond any sound I ever heard produced by animals."

The following, however, relates to a more remarkable animal phenomenon, which we do not remember to have seen so explicitly noticed before.

"Being fatigued with riding," our author begins, "I dismounted, and seated myself at the foot of a large tree that overhung a small stream, in which little trout sported incessantly. Every breeze was loaded with vegetable fragrance; but at intervals I felt a most intoxicating perfume, the source of which I was for some time unable to discover. At last I saw two small snakes creep from under a decayed tree that lay near me, and found, from the momentary increase of the odour, and its diminution as they retired, that it proceeded from them. These animals (as I was afterwards informed), while basking in the sun, emit a delightful fragrance; but they are destitute of this peculiarity when dead. I followed the snakes for a little way, and for the first time learned that such animals had the power of *fascinating* men. Whenever I advanced within a certain distance of them, they turned round and coiled up,

"——— and heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide."

He proceeds to state instances of the *fascination* of these creatures, (attributable solely to *fear*, as he thinks,) and certainly goes farther than we can well credit on hearsay testimony.

"Upper Canada is not infested with any snakes of a dangerous kind, except the rattlesnake, which, however, is very rare in the cultivated parts of the country. Garter snakes and black snakes are to be met with every where, but they seem quite harmless.

"In Upper Canada, it is almost universally believed, that snakes possess that power of *fascination* which has so often been

denied them by naturalists. Many people have had the fact demonstrated to them by being witnesses of it, and this was the case with me. One summer day, when strolling through the woods, I came to the edge of a small pond of water, on the surface of which floated a frog in a state of motionless repose, as if basking in the sun. I carelessly touched his back with a stick, but, contrary to my expectation, he did not move; and, on viewing him more closely, I perceived that he gasped in a convulsive manner, and was affected with a tremor in his hind-legs. I soon discovered a black snake coiled up, lying near the edge of the pond, and holding the frog in thrall by the magic of his eyes. Whenever he moved his head to one side or the other, his destined victim followed it, as if under the influence of magnetic attraction; sometimes, however, recoiling feebly, but soon springing forward again, as if he fell.

"A strong desire with loathing mixed."

The snake lay with his mouth half open, and never for a moment allowed his eyes to wander from his prey, otherwise the charm would have been instantaneously dissolved. But I determined to effect this, and accordingly threw a large chip of wood into the pond. It fell between the two animals—the snake started back, while the frog darted under water, and concealed itself among the mud.

"It is asserted by some that snakes occasionally exert their powers of *fascination* upon human beings, and I see no reason to doubt the truth of this. An old Dutch-woman, who lives at the Twelve Mile Creek in the Niagara district, sometimes gives a minute account of the manner in which she was *charmed* by a serpent; and a farmer told me that a similar circumstance once occurred to his daughter. It was on a warm summer day, that she was sent to spread wet clothes upon some shrubbery near the house. Her mother conceived that she remained longer than was necessary, and seeing her standing unoccupied at some distance, she called to her several times, but no answer was returned. On approaching, she found her daughter pale, motionless, and fixed in an erect posture. The sweat rolled down her brow, and her hands were clenched convulsively. A large rattlesnake lay on a log opposite the girl, waving his head from side to side, and kept his eyes steadfastly fastened upon her. The mother instantly struck him with a stick, and the moment he made off, the girl recovered herself and burst into tears, but was for some time so weak and agitated, that she could not walk home."

Without looking for connexion, we will now copy a pathetic Indian story from the shores of Lake Erie:-

"An Indian woman, and her child, who was about seven years old, were travelling along the beach to a camp a few miles distant. The boy observed some wild grapes growing upon the top of the bank, and expressed such a strong desire to obtain them, that his mother, seeing a ravine at a little distance, by which she thought she could gain the edge of the pre-

cipice, resolved to gratify him. Having desired him to remain where he was, she ascended the steep, and was allured much farther into the woods than she at first intended. In the mean time, the wind began to blow vehemently, but the boy wandered carelessly along the beach, seeking for shells, till the rapid rise of the Lake rendered it impossible for him to return to the spot where he had been left by his mother. He immediately began to cry aloud, and she, being on her return, heard him, but instead of descending the ravine, hastened to the edge of the precipice, from the bottom of which the noise seemed to proceed. On looking down, she beheld her son struggling with the waves, and vainly endeavouring to climb up the bank, which was fifty feet perpendicular height, and very slippery. There being no possibility of rendering him assistance, she was on the point of throwing herself down the steep, when she saw him catch hold of a tree that had fallen into the Lake, and mount one of its most projecting branches. He sat astride upon this, almost beyond the reach of the surges, while she continued watching him in an agony of grief, hesitating whether she should endeavour to find her way to the camp, and procure assistance, or remain near her boy. However, evening was now about to close, and as she could not proceed through the woods in the dark, she resolved at least to wait till the moon rose. She sat on the top of the precipice a whole hour, and, during that time, occasionally ascertained that her son was alive, by hearing his cries amidst the roaring of the waves; but when the moon appeared, he was not to be seen. She now felt convinced that he was drowned, and, giving way to utter despair, threw herself on the turf. Presently she heard a feeble voice cry, (in Indian,) "Mamma, I'm here, come and help me." She started up, and saw her boy scrambling upon the edge of the bank—she sprang forward to catch his hand, but the ground by which he held giving way, he was precipitated into the Lake, and perished among the rushing billows!"

The burning of a forest is a sublime spectacle, and affords Mr. H. an occasion for displaying his pictorial powers:-

"The land around was covered with pine trees, and three months' drought had rendered these so dry and combustible, that hundreds of them took fire, in consequence of a few sparks, blown from an oven, having kindled the brushwood beneath them. Immense volumes of black smoke rolled from different parts of the forest, and, when the wind divided these, the flames were seen raging on every side, and ascending to the tops of the tallest trees; while the roaring, crackling, and crashing, were incessant, under the cloudy obscurity. Large burning splinters of timber, that must have been detached from trees by the expansive power of steam, were sometimes projected high into the air like rockets, and descended again, leaving a shower train of glowing sparks behind them. The wind was hot and suffocating as the vapours from a furnace, and

the vast glare of the conflagration overspread the heavens with a copper colour most dismal and appalling. The inhabitants around hurried about in the utmost alarm, momentarily expecting that the flames would communicate to their barns and fences; and the tumult was increased by the bellowing of a number of cattle, which had rushed in a state of terror from the woods, where they had been feeding.

"About midnight, the conflagration, which had commenced the preceding day, had in a great measure ceased. Many of the largest trees were charred from top to bottom, and, being now in a state of glowing redness, they stood like dazzling pillars of fire in various parts of the forest. The upper boughs of others were still enveloped in flames, and resembled meteors as they waved in the wind, the trunks from which they projected being concealed by the darkness. In the morning, I walked out to view the scene of devastation, which presented an aspect truly horrible. Many hundred acres of land were divested of the verdure that had lately covered them. The branchless trees stood in dreary blackness, and the wind scarcely sounded as it swept among them. Not a single bird animated the prospect, and the desolate shriek of the raven, deprived of its den, alone proved that the tenants of the forest were not entirely extirpated."

(To be Concluded next Number.)

Giuseppino, an Occidental Story. London, 1821.

This is Bappo Secundus: Mr. Davison's name is on the title, the stamp of Lord Byron's playful genius on almost every page of the poem. We have no hesitation in saying it is his, or—the devil's.

But whosoever it is, (of the two,) our perusal of it was a pleasure enjoyed too late in the week to allow us to use any circumlocution in expounding it to our readers. As caterers of literary novelties, and transmitters of literary enjoyments, we are sure they will thank us for rather giving them a draught from the spring which has enlivened us than telling them how it operated on our *sensorial* faculties.

The introduction to *Giuseppino* is full of desultory humour. The author says—

"I sate me down, good folk, to tell a story, Of which, I own, the truth might be suspected, Even by credulous people; and, what's more, I freely confess I cannot recollect:

But yet it was a vision of such glory I scarcely can suppose ye would reject it. 'Twas all about a Lady and a Knight, Who said and did—what I've forgotten quite.

In search of scenes and incidents I read Near half the old romances, through and through, [the dead, Which Southey has brought backward from With most Galvanic labour; and, anew, With steel-clad wights, in peril was I led, Till weary of their toils and mine I grew: So the chief knowledge gathered from my reading Is what I'll mention as we are proceeding.

I found that many a literary Chieftain, Had culled the gems from out this antique treasure; That what they left was by each humbler thief [ta'en, To put in some new fiction at his leisure."

He then plays upon ancient chivalrous manners—for example, with the ladies—

"Then was the *ton*, indeed a weighty matter, Which Fancy moved but every hundred years To a new pressure! Then a lady, at her First coming out, wore the same woman's gears [fatter]

Which she wore on (unless she grew much

Till she was going out! when lo, appears Her daughter, decked in the same antique [her eye.]

With much manslaughter and intent to kill in

Nor were the male creation otherwise—

"The men of rank, in those times, when they wanted

To make a figure, struck with Glory's charms, Scarce ever with their neighbours' wives ga- lanted,

Because they seldom were on visiting terms With the said neighbours; but like souls un- daunted,

They sought but to be clasped in iron arms, Till having killed some hundreds, and robbed more,

They grew much greater than they were before.

Good rest to them!—If twere not for the rages, The feudal jars, and uproars, and spoilings, In which they toiled for Honor's bubble wages,

What had become of all the modern nations?

But for those Malthuses of earlier ages,

We'd have such overflowing populations,

Mothers their supernumerary brats [cats,

Should drown, precisely as we drown young

And had those gentiles by unlucky chances, Behaved with more good humour, as they ought,

Nor been so fond of handling swords and And other tools wherewith Death's work is wrought,

Where had been all our verse and prose ro- Tragedies, tales of wonder, and what not?

For my part, I'm quite glad, that martial rivalry

Produced such ruffians in the days of chivalry."

The author justly admires the romances which gave rise (Lord knows how) to his story—

"I recollect, my boyhood loved to pore On ballad and romaut, till I was grown

Such an admirer of the days of yore,

I hated every face I looked upon,

Because contemporary chins no more [on;

Displayed such beards as earlier chins had And I regretted much not to have been Born in an Edward's or a Harry's reign."

But still he also loves modern changes, among which he says—

"I might enumerate some hundred thousand Other improvements, of which we're pos- sess—"

A gentleman may have a country-house, and A town-house both, besides some fairy nest,

Some pastoral cottage, to retire from crowds, and

Display, in laying out, his charming taste, Without being laughed at or accused of magic;

The consequence of which was once quite tragic.

I like to find public and private folly

Proclaimed in newspapers with vast celerity;

I like critiques, where new books, grave or

jolly, for "and the like,"

Are tattered by reviewers with severity; I like replies from the authors, in a volley, Attacking the Reviewers with temerity; I like all kinds of talking and of writing, Wherewith folks are delighted and delighting.

I like to see accounts of public meetings, And all that's said at eloquent societies;

How orators stood up, amidst loud greetings, And stoutly uttered several improprieties,

Railing at dignities, and other great things, Mocking authority, however high it is,

Till tired they cease, while thunders of ap- plause

Stun, and repay them, from the rabble's jaws.

No doubt this rage for most outrageous speeches May be quite foolish, as is humbly hinted,

For the chameleons people's cheering screeches, Their approbation roared, with roar un- stinted,

Nay even the ticklesome delight that twitches Speechmakers when they see their speeches printed,

Cannot be worth much loss of time and toil, But is diverting, certainly, meanwhile.

In the grim days of those old cut-throat sinners, Our forefathers, such doings were unheard of—

They never trespassed against public dinners, With a few observations, to be cheered off;

Obligate amusements of which we are winners!— Placemen, of old, would tear the patriot's beard off [or sinister,

Whose tongue should dare, from motive right To pour the least abuse on prince or minister,

This is a liberal age, and full of charity, When mobs may bellow freely against slavery;

When demagogues may rant for popularity, Just as they're urged by Folly, or by Kna- very.

Freedom, of yore, could have no sort of parity With ours, which lets us talk with so much

bravery;

Wherefore I like to live at present, rather Than long before my great great grandfather."

But we cannot extend the whimsical list, nor can we in this hasty sketch link con- nectedly together our leader's fancies, nor note his slight but happy touches. He goes on,—

"And here, I humbly hint to Doctor Brewster, That if he'd make us a kaleidoscope

To strike new subjects out, at every new stir,

"I would give poor authors a consoling hope; For tho' the Muses, when we call them, do stir, They're monstrous indolent, and apt to mope.

The three times three, of late, are growing slatterns;

As I suppose, for want of good new patterns.

I'll try to coax one of them now a little [you.

For something queer, good people, to revive Some tale of lucidless love will not befit ill [you.

Your present taste, and this which now I give Will, without question, suit you to a tittle,

If ye are young men and intend to wive you.

Hear then the history, both sad and funny,

Of one who fell too much in love—with money.

This is the love which first enflames the bosom,

When for a penny some dear infant screeches.

This is the love which constantly pursues 'em,

When fellows have got into coat and breeches,

And sigh for guineas,—then sigh for a new sum

This lasting passion to all bosoms reaches,

Strengthened by age's weakness:—all lov-

sham is,

Compared with this same 'auri sacra fumer.'

After more "exquisite fooling" we come to the story of "Joey" in English an Italian spendthrift, who, after getting rid of his little patrimony, comes to London upon "no business."—He games and turns Count: the description is admirably *naïve* and knowing.

"for some reason,
Of whim, or modesty, or both, or neither,
He kept his rank unknown, as if 'twere treason,
Nor seemed to value such affairs a feather,
Till what he deemed to be the proper season,
When Fortune's night became sunshiny
weather

Wherein he made his hay, with such dexterity,
That several spoke of him with huge severity.

They said, and sung, and swore his legs were
sable

Which, in their dialect, had some veracity.
They also thought, for some of them were able
To think, with most amazing pertinacity,
That he was fiendish, at a Faro table,
And that his neck should not have muslin as

a tie:
But those remarks were not express'd as wittily
As some which had been made on him in Italy.

Thus shone the Count in unexpected splendor,
Like days that I've remarked, in our wet
summers."

At length, however, he finds retirement
to Bath expedient; and Bath, as well as
London, is painted to the life:—

"Where was I?
Saying that folk at Bath were sometimes
amorous,

By Cupid or cupidity made crazy;
(Especially if creditors grew clamorous,) And, therefore, Hymen there is no whit lazy;
And love is neither timorous nor stammerous;
But, when his flames consume Eve's sons and
daughters, [waters?]
How can they ever quench them with the

Here his love with the daughter of a rich
widow, her person and their union are most
humourously described. To her—

"He owned that his estates had been embras'd;

Though matters now were nearly set aright;
That creditors, (he damned them all,) had ha-rased [bright]

Him much: but all his prospects now were
As an old uncle, who was living far east,
(A bishop,) should before long bid good
night

To his large purse; nor had he any person
But his dear nephew to bestow that curse on.

He popped the question, and was answered
"Yes."

The day arrived, as soon as it was able,
On which this spinster vowed his hopes to
bless,

So Hymen tied them tightly with his cable:
Some waiting maid, of course, as you may guess,
Forwarded this *dénouement* of the fable,
Nor hinted that the damsel had a lover;
Till, as the saying is, it was all over."

They fly to Dover and reach Calais; the
landing of a Johnny Raw in France is
capital:—

"Say, render, have you ever had the pleasure
To feel affected by the travelling mania;
To leave behind the beef and mutton treasure,
And other solid blessings of Britannia;
And is it not delightful, beyond measure,
To find yourself in France, away, from many a

Homefelt annoyance, such as freedom's sons
Feel oft from freedom's enemies, the Duns?

Is it not charming, there, to stare around you
Where all is novelty, like our fine weather;
To hear the French talk French, while they
surround you,

And wonder how they understand each other,
To hearken, and find all attempts confound you
At guessing what they mean by all their
potter?

To answer them in Anglo-gallic gabble
Such as no bricklayer could speak at Babel?"

Paris and its Theatres are painted in the
same happy tone of colouring; but our
room refuses the digressions however
tempting:—

"Tis usual, when they've got their hero wedded,
For story-tellers all to think of resting:
But mine's a new attempt.—I have not dreaded
To make even wedlock somewhat interesting!
And though my drugged muse is quite light-headed,

And has a most confounded trick of jesting,
This is a tale of woe, and hope's miscarriage,
Which very properly begins with marriage.

Marriage, thou musical accord of gladness!
Thou most discordant bond of deadly jarring!
Thou loveliest hope of lovers in their madness!
Thou direst plague of those who don't like
sparring!

Sweetener of all home-comforts! [sadness]
Sweetener of all home-comforts! Source of
Thou maddest step of passion the most daring!
What shall I sing of thee?— By heavenly
Hymen,

This question is, I think, enough to try men.

Peruse the history of all past ages;
Read Plutarch, Aikin, all books of biography;
Next learn the sentiments of all the sages
Whose fame is handed to us by orthography;
Consult all people in the various stages
Of life, throughout all places known to geo-graphy,
Before you yield to wedded love's dominion;
For I intend to give you no opinion.

At length the Count one night with wine light-headed

Discovered thus the cause of his distresses:
"My sweet Rebecca, when with me you wedded,
It seems you thought, unless I make bad
guesses,

"That I had got a title, when I said it;
"And counted yourself one among Countesses.

"Love made me then deceive:—but now no
Do I pretend to be than plain Signor. [more

"I, likewise, told you something of a bishop:
"Tis true I once had such a wealthy uncle;
But death, long since, has made him part with
his shop!

"Dim is that face where shone each bright
What leaves and fish he had contrived to fish

up,
"He left, before his cup of life was drunk all,
To be divided by his natural progenies,
And died, as some say, poorer than Diogenes.

"The truth is that my only expectations
Are from the fortune your mamma must
give you."

His hearer tittered, spite of her vexations,
And gave him this droll answer: "To relieve
you

"From all mistakes, good sir, I crave your pa-tience,
"And as I've now no reason to deceive you,
"I must declare my fortune's not a livre—

"You stare!—no, 'pon my honor, not a stiver.

The woman whom you took for my progenitrix
Was nought to me, except as sprung from

tricks,
We only played a farce, composed of many
For which, as manager, I paid old madam,
In short we were quite competent to any tricks,
And counterfeited ailments till we had 'em;
Hoping some gull of fortune to entangle;
But I've been bit:—and now don't let us
wrangle."

This *éclaircissement* leads to the decamping
of the hero. The parties do not meet
again for several years, when—

"My heroine, having become governante,
By some chance, to an English merchant's
daughters,

Sailed with them to the fruitful isle of Zante,
Where dwelt their father; and, while on the
waters,
Began to tell, how her *perfido amante* [her?]
Had gone to seek his fortune, while she sought
This tale the listeners did much admire at,
Till seamen hawled on deck: 'we're chased—
a pirate!'

Then was the tale cut shorter.—The young
woman [prayed],

Grew suddenly devout; their prayers they
As fast as lightning; and, as fast, the seamen
Uttered loud oaths above. The captain bade
All sails be crowded; but the Osmanlians
Gained fast, upon the fugitives dismayed,
Who now agreed, that, without more bubb-
bling, [drubbing.
Twere best to yield, and save them selves a

The flag is struck; no more the christian men
try

To flee; no more the bullets whiz and whistle.
And now the blustering copper-coloured gentry,
With turbaned heads, and chins of roughest
bristle,

On board the prize, make their triumphal entry,
Sooking as grim as if their hearts were gristle,
And straight began to rummage, and to rifle,
Which terrified the females, not a trifle.

Their leader spoke deal of lingua Francia,
And, for a Blackamoor, seemed rather yellow,
And, though a Mussulman, he freely drank a
Goblet of wine, like any northern fellow;
Which Mahomet declares to be a prank, a
Believer should not play, with fiends to bel-
Tis just as if, in Italy, some glutton [flow:
Should, on a Friday, cram down beef or mutton.

The freebooters next laid a strict embago

On all the persons whom they had delayed, in
Their purposed voyage, and made every tar go
Under the hatches, while his Moorship made
Enquiry of the value of the cargo,

And as to with what goods the ship was laden,
Who, being told that there were females in it,
Sware he should go and see them all, that
minute.

And, to the cabin, down he went *instanter*,
Where he no sooner popped his goodly nose in,
Than screamed the misses, as if some enchanter
Were come to take them to the fiend his
cousin.

He made a bow:—no man could look gallan-
But, at that very moment, half a dozen
Big swelling billows gave the ship a jog,
And knocked him stumbling forward like a log,

Till he came right against the foremost lady
Who was about to curtsey low, in answer.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, madam," said he,
In English. "Blood and—hem!" said she,
no man, sir, [steady
"Could have appeared, in such a case, more

JOURNAL OF THE BELLES LETTRES.

' Than you have done : nor might the nicest
dancer
' Have taken other steps than those you took.'
This speech the Moor replied to, by a look ;
A look of fun,—and then a stare of wonder.
' Corps di Bacco ! Diavolo ! Sant' Antonio !
' Eh,' quoth the Corsair, ' Ma'am, unless I'm
under [you.]
' A great mistake, I heretofore have known
She stared at him, as if his words were thunder,
Half screamed a laugh, and said : ' O fie upon
you !
' That Barbary habit has so barbarised you,
I hardly ever should have recognised you !
' Well, how d'y'e do ?—but, Giuseppino, tell me,
Where have you been, and what have you
been doing, [befell me,
' Those few years past ? Some droll mishaps
After your flight. And so you've been
pursuing [me,
' Honest men's ways.—Do you intend to sell
When we arrive at Fez ?—Why you are
going [duced you
' Fast to the---What the deuce can have in
To take to robbing ? What has it produced
you ??'

This will remind every one of Beppo's
return, but *n'importe* ; the pirate replies :—

— " I have acquired some riches,
By my profession, and our laws allow
Each male to conjugate four females, which is
A very good law : but I'm married, now,
Only to three divine Circassian witches ;
So you shall be my fourth first wife, I vow,
I've thirty children, most of whom, my pretty
Are very little more than illegitimate. [mate,

' Then you must change your name, my good
sultana. [is Solymy.
The Turks have christened me : my name
You shall be Fatima or Roxalana,
And, though a renegado, I'm a jolly man,
As you shall find.' She gave her Mussulman a
Goodly assent : (denial would be folly, man.)
Their conversation then became long-winded ;
(If you read half of it you would be blinded.)

At her request, he did not rob the vessel.
Which brought his rib upon this expedition ;
Though, I believe, the rover could repress ill
His wish to do so ; at his wife's petition,
He likewise gave the spinsters vastly less ill
Treatment than they feared from his bad vo-
lition,
And to the sailors, was so very civil,
He told them they might all sail to the d---l.

They, I suppose, all followed his advice ;
For none of them liked sailing to beatitude :
But the young ladies, who should be more nice,
Spoke of his wife and him with much in-
gratitude ;
No sooner free from fright, but in a trice,
They gave their tongues such longitude and
latitude,
As to make game of both, nor once remark yet
His goodness in not sending them to market.

Solyman and his wife got home soon after,
He introduced her to his Eastern wives ;
At which she hardly could refrain from laughter,
Though they had ne'er looked graver in their
lives, [her
Than when their lord declared he would engraft
On his establishment.—My tale arrives
Near the catastrophe, and I ask pardon,
At this place, reader, for it is a hard one.

Those five lived on, quite merrily together,
For many following years, and spent their
leisure,

In various ways ; the gentlewomen neither
Quarrelled, nor scratched each other, nor
took pleasure
In scolding, while their valiant chieftain either
Amused himself, with seizing merchant's treasure
Or trying to believe in that Mahometry ! [sure
Which is a hard kind of apomecometry.

At length, aware that he was getting older,
He thought it would be proper, and in season,
To set about repenting ; all his bolder
Opinions he gave up, (not without reason :)
His faith in infidelity got colder ;
He looked with horror on his former treason
'Gainst Mother Church, whom, when his life
was loose

He cared no more for than for Mother Goose."

He converts his wealth into money, and lives
tolerably well, though—

" The Imans got cross, and swore, upon their
credit, [glory,
That he'd be damned, and had no hope of life
The Friars told him that he need not dread it,
Swearing he'd only go to Purgatory, [it,
To have his sins calcined ; and when they said
Promised to pray him out again. — The
more I

Reflect on this, the more I'm puzzled quite,
To guess which priesthood was most in the
right.

The Inquisition once became inquisitive,
About the firmness of his wife's credulity,
And even threatened to pay him a visit, if
He did not put a curb on her garrulity.
At length, this zeal became so far acquisitive,
They threatened him, and her, with less
sedulity ;

In fact, he paid them many a good zechin,
When she the road to Heaven had mistaken.

With her good man, long lived his English wife :
Who never could become half so religious
As he was, in his latter time of life.— [glorious
The penances he went through were prodigious
Waging a constant psychomachial strife,
Which to describe however would be hideous ;
So that these odd memoirs are here concluded,
O'er which I've yawned at least as much as you
did.

Lord Byron concludes very whimsically
and good-humouredly with disclaiming
identity with his character of Giuseppino,
and contends that rascals make the best
poetic heroes. He declares—

" I here disclaim any participation
In Giuseppino's character, am sure he
Is not myself : so hear my conjuration,
Ye reverend and irreverend, I conjure ye,
Assail me not with your flat defamation,
Nor trouble me with words of sound and fury ;
Because I am much prone to melancholy,
And don't like laughing,---so restrain your
folly.

I must confess my hero is a rascal,
(Heroes are always better for rascality.)
And that my heroine will surely task all
The patience of each person of morality.

Such people then, to pardon me I ask all ;
Because I'll prove that virtue is a quality,
Which, as it will not let them rob or kill any,
Spite not with heroes half so well as villainy.

In short, a character that's interesting
Must act with most surprising impropriety,
And wickedness is, certainly, the best thing
To make adventurers excite anxiety.
Thus manslayers, whom all join in detesting,
And robbers make good heroes ; while so
briefly

Would, in a hero, be the reader's loathing ;
Because such sober wights do always---nothing."

In fine, for drollery, scroll rhymes, and
careless merriment, Beppo himself is not
superior to Giuseppino.

*Paramythia ; or, Mental Pastimes. Being
Original Anecdotes, Historical, Descriptive,
Humourous, and Witty ; collected chiefly during
a long residence at the Court of Russia.*
By the Author. 12mo. pp. 175. London,
1821. Lawler and Quick.

Thus amusing little volume, we observe
from its text in various pages, is the produc-
tion of an artist,* long resident at the
Court of St. Petersburg. In his preface he
vouches for its being entirely composed of
authentic original matter, and yet he has
compounded its name, rather affectedly too,
of the Greek word (*μανθη*), signifying a *fable*.
After this trip at the threshold, however,
he gets on trippingly enough, and has given
the public an entertaining olio, agreeably to
the rest of his title-page.

In a collection of this kind it would be
too much to expect that every anecdote
should be pointed and humourous ; indeed,
the "historical and descriptive" are evi-
dently removed from that class, and a con-
siderable proportion of the publication is
devoted to these. Some are *piquant*, others
characteristic, while a few are of an indif-
ferent order, and the pretensions of one or
two to their places hardly to be justified.
Without being fastidious we would notice
the lax style, in which Mrs. Muslin's story
is told (15, 16), a story which has no hu-
mour to excuse its coarseness, like the
vulgar but witty and diverting tale of
Count Esterhazy (24, 25).

Having stated the slight objections which
lie against Mental Pastimes, it is but fair to
exhibit its merits. It is highly original, for
we do not think that above three of the
anecdotes have crept into circulation before ;
it displays many curious traits of Russian
manners ; it is generally lively and laugh-
able in its "Scrapes," (for such is the appella-
tion given by the author to the *storied* di-
visions) ; and it contains a number of useful
hints, as well as sensible reflections on va-
rious topics in the other of its divisions,
which he has called "*Introductions*," and
with which he prefaces every fact he has re-
corded. That the writer of such a work
must himself be a bit of a humourist is more
than probable ; we should have guessed so,
even had he not made it clear by the fol-
lowing

" PROLOGUE.

" Form t and for my Scraps, it is my aim
A patient reading from good folks to claim.
This kind indulgence granted, on my part
I pledge the tribute of a grateful heart.
The Author, Sirs, ranks not among the chicks ;
This, his first egg, was hatch'd at *fifty-six*.
If it should prove a dunghill, wring its neck ;
But, if a game one,—let it crow and peck
Quite chanticleer : If foster'd, Gents, by you,
Not this his last loud cock-a-doodle-doo.

* The publisher of the *Russian Costumes*.

"In Chancery suits, King's Bench, or Common Pleas,
A hearing obtain'd—first paying fees,
Nor can you be condemn'd (tho' long about),
Till they have heard your case quite out-and-out.

And even culprits firmly may look round,
Object to jurors whom they think unsound,
Bring friends to vouch to character, or try
The old stale trick, a hackney'd *alibi*.
So with the public; tho' I nervous shake,
Yet I'll attempt this useful law to make;
That any Author's volumes, one, two, three,
Shall, by the Critics, not condemned be,
Till they have really read the whole throughout:
If then he's damned,—why, merry be the rout.
Write, Critics, write! indulge your spleen and
Fill every paper but the dreaded *writ*. [wit!
If he's a fool,—why, at his folly swear—
Fair play's a jewel—Miss, let go my hair—
I'm overwhelm'd with feeling,—spare my tears,
Let your good-nature dissipate my fears."

Having thus among his other Introductions introduced himself, we will take it for granted, that the readers of the *Literary Gazette*, and the author of *Paramythia*, are so well acquainted, that the former will listen with pleasure to half a dozen of the anecdotes of the latter.

"A German of the name of Klotch, a very worthy man, was cook and *maître d'hôtel* to the Empress Catherine. Though old, he was a court beau, and very spruce about the head; and, being a favorite with her imperial majesty, used to hand some particular dishes to her on great occasions. One of the torments in high northern latitudes, where the summer is so short and hot, is the innumerable hosts of flies that tease you. Some wags, aware of this, got the old gentleman's best bag-wig, and powdered it with the finest pulverized double-refined white sugar; so that, when he waited at table, he was beset, like Pharaoh, with the worst of his plagues. He beat with his hands, blew, puffed, reddened in the face, and at last, no longer able to bear silently the torment he endured, burst out suddenly with the exclamation of 'Donder und blitz vas is das for a fly summer!' Her majesty, aware of the trick, soothed him; and affecting to wonder the flies should exclusively level all their stings at him, advised him to pull off his wig, which he reluctantly was obliged to do, and actually finished his attendance in a full dress suit of embroidered clothes, with his naked shaved head, to the no small amusement of the company present."

"I have, in one of the following scraps, said that the Emperor Paul was not completely master of himself: this trifling occurrence will farther evince it. The late Mr. Frazer, of the King's Road, Chelsea, used, almost every summer, to bring out a large investment of curious plants, flowers, and shrubs, of which the present dowager-empress, Paul's consort, was a great amateur and purchaser. One year, he brought out, on speculation, one of the long slap-bang stage-coaches, to carry sixteen insides; thinking they might be substituted for the very heavy lumbering caissons, then used for transporting the court-servants from the town palaces to those in the country, when they changed their déjou or service. The

emperor was apprised of the carriage being at the door, to which were harnessed six horses. He came down to see it; laughed at its appearance; and, seeing me loitering about, asked me, with another or two he selected, to take a ride in it. We were no sooner seated, than, to my utter astonishment, up jumped the autocrat of all the Russias on the coach-box, with the coachman, and away we drove for several versts. When about to return, whether the Tzar of Muscovy thought the carriage ridiculous, his own conduct somewhat so, or was spleenetic at having so far committed the imperial dignity, I know not, but he tapped at one of the little windows in the front, where I sat, which, as the reader may suppose, I immediately opened, and on seeing me, he, full laughing, said, 'Savez vous, Mons. W., que si je voulois je pourvois vous cracher, dans la figure.' 'Do you know, squire W., if I chose, I could spit in your face.' The reply it deserved might have packed me off to Siberia, and, therefore, I pocketed the affront."

"In the reign of this Emperor, his regulations and orders were promulgated with such rapidity, that it could only be equalled by the counter-orders that were often within a few hours issued. It was, indeed, impossible to know how to act, so as to avoid offending, which gave rise to some one wittingly observing, it was all 'order,' 'counter-order,' and 'disorder.'

"A Russian merchant, whose name at this moment I do not recollect, (nor is it important,) was extremely, even immensely, rich; yet lived in a small obscure room, with hardly any fire, furniture, or attendance, though his house was larger than many palaces; burying his money in casks in the cellar; and was so great a miser that he barely allowed himself the common necessaries of life. He placed his great security in the possession of a tremendous large and fierce dog, who used to go round his premises barking every night; the dog (as most dogs will do) died one day. His master was inconsolable; but, remaining strict to his principle of economy, would not buy another, and actually performed the faithful creature's services himself, going his rounds every evening, and barking as well and as loud as he could, in imitation of his deceased friend.

"Note.—Such is occasionally the eccentricity of character, that I am correct in adding, this man either lent or subscribed a million of rubles to assist the empress in the beginning of the Swedish war, or on some other great national emergency."

"Introduction.—Wit admits of being related; humour is better seen than described: the following scrap partakes of both:—

"Scrap.—By marriage, Admiral Greig was brother-in-law to a Mr. Cook, a rope-maker at Cronstadt, a very worthy, but rather a formal and eccentric character. He had had a few friends to pass the day with him from Petersburgh; and for one of them a bed was made up on a sofa, in the same room where he himself slept. The old gentleman had taken a glass or two more than usual, and the conversation, in

the course of the evening, had turned on a court-mourning then ordered for the stadholder of Holland. Cook had been loudly reprobating the idea, that because a great personage chose to slip his cables, and run for the other world, every body should be obliged to put on black. They went to bed; and, a few minutes after, his friend was ready to burst with laughter, to see the little man still sitting up in bed tottering with the extinguisher in his hand, ready to put out the candle, when, on seeing a black beetle running along the floor, he exclaimed, in half-drunken accents, 'So you! so you! you little d—d black son of a bitch, so you must go in mourning too for the Dutch king, must ye?'

Doyen, a French artist at Petersburgh, seems to have possessed the ready wit and happy talent (which is never taken by surprise) so essential to promotion at court. The following anecdotes illustrate this:—

"In the reign of the Emperor Paul, when Doyen and myself occupied the same apartment in the Hermitage, and were pursuing our respective operations, one day, when Doyen was employed on a large circular picture for a ceiling, the subject Cupid and Psyche, his imperial majesty entered the room, surrounded by his family, and followed by a numerous train of courtiers of both sexes. He began rallying the painter on the seeming ease with which he painted; and, laughing, told him any body could do that: upon which Doyen begged his majesty would make the essay, giving him his pallet and brushes. The emperor filled a brush with black paint, and made a long black stroke over the eye, on the face of Psyche, which he was then painting, and asked Doyen, with a smile, whether it was not 'a spirited touch,' and what it meant. The painter agreed the touch was vigorous, and said it was the eye-brow of Psyche. In that case, fair ladies, said the emperor significantly, and bowing to the company, 'On puit juger du reste,' one may guess at the rest."

"The emperor one day, puffing and blowing out his cheeks, (as was his custom,) strutted up to Doyen, who was painting a large picture of Cupid and Psyche, and told him he would set* to him for the head of Psyche, which was then wanting. The painter, though taken by surprise, was not thrown off his guard; but, making a very low bow, replied, that had he wanted the head of an emperor, he would not have desired a better model, but for a Psyche he must beg to be excused. The sprightly monarch, patting him on the shoulder, told him he had acquitted himself better than he expected, and had come off, like a true courtier, with flying colours."

We now copy more miscellaneous matter:—

"Introduction.—Though the Russians had great reason to rejoice when the reign of the Emperor Paul was over, (indeed it was necessary to the well-doing of the empire,) yet much is to be said in his favour.

* "Set" for "sit" also occurs in another page, nor is the blunder compensated by "sit" for "set," (only once) at page 37.—ED.

He was an affectionate husband and father, a generous friend, and a liberal sovereign; often extremely amiable, always polite and witty; and though certainly not a handsome man, yet there was in his looks an air of wholesome health and cheerfulness, that impressed every one much in his favour. I think he could not control his errors; as there was evidently a slight approach to insanity in the organization of his mind; in fact, he was not master of himself, or, as a Scotchman would say, he had a bee in his bonnet." *

"A little, modest, diffident clergyman, who was chaplain at Cronstadt, was dining one day at Mr. R——'s, a merchant at St. Petersburg, whose lady was somewhat fastidious, formal, and ceremonious, in the arrangement, cleanliness, and etiquette of her table. In endeavouring to help some one to fish-sauce, in his fidgety trembling way, he actually let the butter-boat slip out of his hand, and its contents fell in part on the table. Bad! A part into a lady's wine that sat next to him. Worse! And the remainder into her plate, and over her rich dress. Horrible! horrible! horrible! It was too much for the patience of any woman. The hostess, frowning and biting her lips, was about to open upon the unfortunate Clericus, for his blundering unhandiness, when he, all embarrassment, and hot from top to toe, stammered out, How lucky it was it had not happened at Mrs. ——, a lady well known in their circle to be much more straight-laced and particular in these things. This well-timed remark smoothed the brow of the lady; dimples and smiles succeeded to angry looks; his wit was admired, and the dreadful hole in his manners darned in a minute."

We will keep a few of these stories to season our next Gazette.

MALAY ANNALS

(Concluded).

In finishing our notice of this curious book, we may cite the following as a singular relation of the intercourse between two oriental courts.

"The Raja of China heard of the greatness of the Raja of Malaca, and sent an embassy thither, and directed the ambassador to present to the raja a pilu deeply laden with needles, and also silks, gold cloth, and kin-canbs, or kinka-dewonga, with a great variety of curious articles, such as are no where else to be met with. After they had arrived in Malaca, Sultan Mansur Shah ordered the letter of China to be brought up with the same honours as had been conferred on that of Siam. He then received it by the hand of a bantara, in the public hall of audience, and delivered it to the khateb, who read it according to his dictation.

"This letter is dispatched from beneath the sandals of the feet of the King of Heaven, to be placed above the diadem of the Raja of Malaca. 'Verily we have heard that the Raja of Malaca is a great raja, for which reason we have desired his friendship and attachment, because we are also descended from Raja Secander Zulkarneini,

and of the same extraction as the Raja of Malaca. There is no raja in the universal world greater than me, and it is not possible to enumerate the number of my subjects, but the pilu which I send you contains a needle for every house in my empire.' On hearing the purport of this letter the raja smiled, and having emptied the prahu of the needles, he loaded it with sago-grains, and appointed Tun Parapati Puti, the younger brother of the bandahara Paduka Itaja, to conduct the ambassador back to China. Tun Parapati Puti set sail, and how long was his voyage, till he arrived in the land of China; and the Raja of China commanded the letter of Malaca to be brought up in state, and caused it to be left at the house of the head mantri named Li-pó, till it was almost morning, when Li-pó with all the mantris and head-men entered into the palace of the raja, and Tun Parapati Puti entered along with them; and there came an innumerable flock of crows which entered along with them. When they arrived at the outer gate, Li-pó, and all the chiefs who accompanied him, stopped, and the crows also stopped along with them, and sounded the great gong to give notice, which yielded a prodigious noise. After which the door was opened, and Li-pó with all who accompanied him entered, and the flock of crows also. They then approached another gate, and stopped and sounded a gong in the same manner as before, after which they entered. The same process was repeated till they had passed seven doors. When they reached the interior, the day was up, and they were all sitting arranged in their several places, in the hall of audience. This hall was one league in length, and it was not roofed in. From the great access of persons, though the persons were closely jammed knee to knee, there was no place left vacant; and all those who attended were solely para-mantris and hulabangs, and the crows extending their wings overshadowed the whole assembly.

After this was heard the roaring of thunder, with thunder-claps, and lightning flashing to and fro, and then the Raja of China came forth, his form reflected like shadows in a place surrounded with mirrors, which appeared to be in the mouth of a snake (naga). As soon as they beheld the Raja of China, all who were present bowed their faces to the ground, and saluted the Raja of China, without lifting up their faces again. A man then read the letter of Malaca, and the Raja of China was highly pleased with the contents. The sago was then brought before the raja, and the Raja of China asked, how it was made. Tun Parapati Puti replied that it was made by rolling it up into grains, and that the raja of Malaca had sent him a grain for every person in his dominions, till the prahu had been loaded, for so great is the number of the subjects of our raja that it is impossible to count them. The Raja of China said, 'Of a truth the Raja of Malaca is a powerful raja, his subjects are in truth very numerous, and no wise inferior to mine. It will be very proper for me to connect myself with him.' Then the China raja said to Li-pó, 'Since the Raja of

Malaca is so powerful as to have these sago-grains rolled up by his people, I in like manner am determined to have the rice which I eat husked, and no longer to be beaten.' Li-pó replied, 'very well, Sire; and that is the reason why the Raja of China does not eat beaten rice unto the present time, but only that which is peeled from day to day. The Raja of China has at his meals, fifteen gantangs (each gantang five catty) of husked rice, one hog, and a tub of hog's lard. When Tun Parapati Puti presented himself before him, he had ten rings on his ten fingers, and whosoever of the Chinese mantris viewed them eagerly, he took one of them off and presented it to him; and the same to the next person who viewed them attentively; and so on constantly, whenever he presented himself before the China raja. The Raja of China one day asked him what food the Malaca men were fond of, he replied, kankung greens (*convolvulus repens*) not cut, but split lengthwise. The Raja of China ordered them to prepare this mess according to the direction of Tun Parapati Puti; and when it was ready, he sent for Tun Parapati Puti, and all the Malaca men, and they all eat of it, taking it by the tip of the stalk, lifting up their heads, and opening wide their mouths, and thus Tun Parapati Puti and the Malaca men had a full view of the Raja of China. When the Chinese observed this proceeding of the Malaca men, they also took to eating the kankung greens, which they have continued to the present time."

Our dandies have been stigmatized for their attachment to dress and personal adornment, but the prince of modern European coxcombs must yield the palm to an ancient Malay beau:—

"There was a son of Sri Nara-di Raja, by another mother, who was named Tuit Abdal, who was extremely fond of ornament, with a great deal of self-complacency. He would be three days in paring his nails. If he was on horseback, in the heat of the day, he would be adjusting himself by his shadow. If he had to dress, he would occupy the whole day about it."

A better example of Malay manners, is given in the death-bed scene of one of the greatest sovereigns of Malaca:—

"In process of time Sultan Mansur Shah fell sick, and perceiving that he was about to quit the world, he called the bandahara and all his mantris, and said, 'Be it known that the world is now fading from my grasp, and I have no hope, but in the world to come; I have appointed this my son Husain to be my successor; and if he should commit any faults, I request you to excuse them, as he is but a boy, and not versed in the usages of the country.' Those who heard the Prince were filled with sorrow. He then addressed Raja Husain, 'O Husain, recollect that this world is not for a perpetuity, and that all that live must die, and that nothing is perpetual, excepting good works. After me, therefore, I wish you to do justice, and never to deprive people of their just rights.'

This fine precept was not without its ex-

cellent effect, for the narrative goes on to say,—

" Then the Sultan returned to God's mercy, and was succeeded by Sultan Alla ed din. At this time thieves were very rife in Malaca, and Sultan Alla ed din was greatly vexed at it. One night, having dressed himself like a thief, he went out, and took Hang Isuf along with him, and Hang Siak also. These three then perambulated the city, and examined the state of the city. They soon came to a place where they met five thieves, carrying off a chest, two of them bearing it, and three accompanying them. The Prince pursued, and all the five fled, throwing down the chest. The Prince said to Hang Isuf, ' watch this chest here, while I and Hang Siak pursue the thieves.' The thieves took for Malaca hill, where they were overtaken, and the Prince, with a hack, cut one of them in twain by the waist. The four continued their flight towards the landing place, and beneath the banyan tree the Prince cut down another; the three remaining reached the landing place, when Hang Isuf stabbed another of them; while the other two threw themselves into the water, to swim for the other side. Here stopt the pursuit, and the Prince ordered Hang Isuf and Hang Siak to carry the chest to their house. This was done, and the Prince returned to the palace. Next morning, the officers of the court came to pay their respects, and the Prince asked Sri Maha Raja, the temangung, ' if the watch had been held last night.' ' It was, Your Honour,' said Maha Raja. ' I have heard,' said the Prince, ' that last night one man has been killed on the hill, another under the banyan tree, and another near the landing place. If this be the case, it must be Sri Maha Raja who has murdered them.' Sri Maha Raja said, ' he knew nothing of the matter,' and the Prince said, ' if that is the case, Sri Maha Raja's watches are good for nothing, and merely to blind us.' He then ordered Hang Isuf and Hang Siak to be brought, with the chest, and ordered them to declare all that they had seen the last night, to the bandahara and chief men. They were all astonished at the recital, and impressed with the awe of the raja, and hung down their heads. He then ordered the chest to be proclaimed, and it was found to belong to a rich Keling merchant, named Tirimapulam, and that it had been stolen during the night; and the Prince caused it to be restored. From this time Sri Maha Raja established a watch extremely strict; and if they met any person going about during the night, they did not take him, but cut him down. One night, they found a thief, just as he was stretching his hand in at a woman's shop window; they directly severed his arm by the shoulder, and left it within. When the woman opened her shop in the morning, and saw the man's hand and arm on the window, what a fine fright she was in; loud did she scream, and brought all the people about her. Soon matters came so far round that there was not a thief to be found in Malaca. Then the Sultan Alla ed din said to the Paduka raja bandahara, ' Order a

hall to be placed where the streets cross each other, and place a mantri in charge of it; and whenever any goods are found by land or sea, the owner of which is unknown, let them be placed there till they be reclaimed, for a certain fee; and who-soever finds goods, and does not conform to this regulation, let his hand be cut off.' This was ordered and done; and whenever any goods were lost in the market or highway, the owner would go to this hall, and probably find them hanging up; for they were not to be carried to any other place."

We have now, however, shown sufficiently of what materials this publication is composed, and were it not to oblige our more romantic friends, we would not add to our review the most wonderful of all the wonderful stories with which it is enriched. For them we are seduced into the fairy domains of Gunung Ledang:—

" It is related, that the wife of Sultan Mahmud, and mother of Rajah Ahmed, returned into God's mercy, and the King was extremely afflicted; and how long was that, through grief, he would not have the nobuts sounded! All the chiefs likewise looked gloomy, at seeing the grief of the Prince; and all their attempts to console him proved ineffectual, and could not remove the impression from his heart. One day, all the nobles, mantris, and hulu-balangs, assembled, and the king asked them, what they advised, since the land of Malaca was now devoid of a Queen. The chiefs said, ' The daughter of what raja would you choose? Mention the name of any Princess, and we will go and ask her in due form.' The King replied, ' I don't want to marry a raja's daughter, for any other raja may marry a raja's daughter; but I want to marry one to whom no other Prince can aspire.' ' Inform us then,' said the nobles, ' whither your wishes tend, and we will do our utmost to carry them into effect.' Then said the King, ' I want to ask the Princess Gunung Ledang.' Then they asked him whom he wished to send as his messengers. He said, ' I will send the laksamana, Sang Satia, and Tun Mamed.' They cheerfully assented. Then Tun Mamed first set out with the men of Indragiri, to clear the way to Gunung Ledang, for he was the head man, or pengulu of Indragiri. After long journeying they reached the foot of the hill, and began to ascend it, but found no road; the hill men, however, showed them the road, for the way was excessively difficult, with violent gusts of wind, and a cold quite unsupportable. They advanced, however, till they reached about the middle of the mountain, when none of the people could proceed farther. Then said Tun Mamed to the laksamana and Sang Satia, ' stop you here, gentles, and let me ascend the hill.' The others assented, and

Tun Mamed, with two or three hearty men, ascended as well as he could, till he came to the bamboos, which are spontaneously melodious; and all that ascended felt like birds flying, in the furious gusts of wind, and the clouds closed round so near, that one might touch them; and the sound of the musical bamboos was extremely melodious; and the very birds lingered to hear their music; and the forest deer were all enchanted by their melody; and Tun Mamed was so delighted with their sound, that he could not prevail on himself to advance on his journey for some time. Again however he proceeded slowly, till at last he reached a garden of wonderful beauty, such as had never been seen. It was full of all kinds of flowers and fruits which are to be found in the whole world, arranged in plots of divers kinds. As soon as the birds of the garden observed the approach of Tun Mamed, they uttered all kinds of cries, some like a man whistling; others like a person playing on a pipe; others like a person playing on the sirdam; others like a person reciting verses; others like persons bersaluca, or joyous; others like persons ber-gorindam, or conversing in dialogue. The large lemons made a loud noise, the grapes giggled, and the pomegranates smiled, and the warasac laughed aloud, while the rose repeated pantuns, in the following style:—

" The teeth are grating against each other,
They wish to eat the fish of the tank;
Fine and fat are the roes for frying.
And the scales will stick to the breast.
" The Tanjung's blue flower replied,
" Dang Nila put in his betel box,
The Berimbang and the Pidada fruit,
Was there ever such a fool as you, Sir,
The bird is flown, and you are only grinding
the pepper (for catching it).

" Tun Mamed was exceedingly surprised to hear a tree so skilful in making pantuns, as well as to see the whole arrangement of the garden. Tun Mamed at last came up to a hall in the garden, the whole materials of which were of bone, and the roof of hair, In the balei, or dais, sat an old woman, of elegant appearance, with a plaid thrown across her shoulder, with four young women before her. As soon as they saw Tun Mamed they asked him, ' Whence do you come, and whither are you going?' Tun Mamed said, ' I am a Malaca man, named Tun Mamed. I am sent by the Sultan of Malaca to ask in marriage the Lady Princess Gunung Ledang. This is the reason of my coming. The laksamana and Sang Satia also are on the hill beneath, but unable to ascend, and have sent me onward. Now please to inform me what is your name, and whence you come?' The elder lady replied, ' My name is Dang Raya Rani, and I am the head person here of the Princess Gunung Ledang. Whatever you want, stay here, and I will go represent it to the Princess.' On this the five females instantly vanished. Then there came to him an old woman, hunch-backed, and bent threefold, and said to him. ' Dang Raya Rani has delivered your message to the Princess Gunung Ledang, who desires me to say, that if the raja of Malaca wishes for me, he must first make a flight of stairs of gold, and another of silver, from Malaca to Gunung Ledang; and in asking me, he must present a gnat's heart seven platters broad, a moth's heart seven platters broad, a vat of human tears, and a vat of the juice of the young betel nut, one phial of the raja's blood, and one phial of the Prince

Raja Ahmed's blood; and if the raja performs this, the Princess Gunung Ledang will assent to his desire.' As soon as she had spoken this she vanished, so that nobody could perceive where she had gone. According to some accounts, however, the elderly lady who conversed with Tun Mamed, was the Princess Gunung Ledang, who had assumed the appearance of an old woman. Then Tun Mamed returned and descended to the laksamana and Sang Satia, and informed them of what had passed; after which they all returned and related the whole of the old woman's conversation to Sultan Mahmud Shah, who said, 'all these requests may be complied with, but the taking of blood is an unpleasant business, and I have no inclination for it at all.'

Were we to moralize on this story, we should say it was a lesson to ladies, not to be too exorbitant in their demands, but, as we are not inclined to run *amok*, (*vulgo, a muck,*) in the Malay fashion, we desist from drawing conclusions, and come to the conclusion of our review.

NAVIGATION.

Ephemeris of the Distances of the four Planets, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, from the Moon's centre, for 1823, together with their places for every day in the years 1822, 1823; to which are annexed Tables for finding the latitude by the Polar Star, for 1823. Calculated under the direction of H. C. Schumacher, Professor of Astronomy at the University of Copenhagen. Printed for the Royal Danish Sea-chart Office, Copenhagen, September, 1821. 8vo. pp. 156.

THIS title explains the nature of the work so completely, that, long as it is, we have given it as it is set down.

The Sea-chart Office published last year similar Tables for 1822, (in German,) which excited great attention, not only in Denmark, but among competent judges in other countries, where it was made generally known by the exertions of Admiral P. de Löwenörn, the active director of the Sea-chart Office. The present edition is enriched with tables of the daily geocentric latitude and longitude of the planets, as well as of their right ascension or declination, and is otherwise greatly improved. The publication is certainly of much importance to naval men, and we translate with pleasure the following remarks upon it from a Danish journal:—

"This work, especially as it is now arranged, most certainly furnishes, in conjunction with the Nautical Almanack, a very efficacious means towards the diffusion of nautical science, and we have only to add a wish that those who intend to follow a seafaring life, might take pride in making themselves fully acquainted with the application of the means that are from time to time offered them. We might then reasonably hope that it would one day become as common among sea captains and pilots to observe and to calculate their longitude at sea, as it now is, and long has been, to calculate their latitude by observations of the meridian altitude, to which their knowledge,

or at least the application of what they have learnt of nautical astronomy, has been for the most part confined. We might then expect also that the altitudes of the stars would be more generally employed to find the latitude at undetermined times during the night."

Original Correspondence.

Letters of David Hume, continued.

No. XV.

Dear Doctor,—I had asked M. Rousseau the question you propose to me: He answered, that the story of his *Heloise* had some general & distant resemblance to Reality; such as was sufficient to warm his Imagination and assist his Invention: But that all the chief circumstances were fictitious. I have heard in France, that he had been employ'd to teach Music to a young Lady, a Boarder in a Convent at Lyons; and that the Master & Scholar fell mutually in love with each other, but the affair was not attended with any Consequences. I think this work his Masterpiece; tho' he himself told me, that he valued most his *Contrat Sociale*; which is as preposterous a judgement as that of Milton, who preferr'd the Paradise regain'd to all his other performances.

This man, the most singular of all human Beings, has at last left me; and I have very little hopes of ever being able, for the future, to enjoy much of his company, tho' he says, that if I settle either in London or in Edinburgh, he will take a journey on foot every year to visit me. Mr. Davenport, a Gentleman of 5 or £6000 pounds (a year) in the North of England, & a man of great humanity and of a good understanding, has taken the charge of him. He has a house call'd Wooton, in the Peake of Derby, situated amidst mountains and rocks and streams and forests, which pleases the wild imagination, and solitary humour of Rousseau; and as the Master seldom inhabited it, and only kept there a plain Table for some Servants, he offer'd me to give it up to my Friend; I accepted, on condition that he wou'd take from him 30 pounds a year of Board for himself and his Gouvernante, which he was so good natur'd as to agree to. Rousseau has about 80 pounds a year which he has acquired by Contracts with his Booksellers, and by a liferent Annuity of 25 pounds a year, which he accepted from Lord Mareschal. This is the only man, who has yet been able to make him accept of money.

He was desperately resolv'd to rush into this solitude, notwithstanding all my remonstrances; and I forsee, that he will be unhappy in that situation, as he has indeed been always, in all situations. He will be entirely without occupation, without company, and almost without amusement of any kind. He has read very little during the course of his life, and has now totally

renounced all reading: He has seen very little, and has no manner of Curiosity to see or remark: He has reflected, properly speaking, and study'd, very little; and has not indeed much knowledge: He has only felt, during the whole course of his life; and in this respect, his sensibility rises to a pitch beyond what I have seen any Example of: But it still gives him a more acute feeling of Pain than of pleasure. He is like a man who were stript not only of his cloaths, but of his skin, and turn'd out in that situation to combat with the rude and boisterous Elements, such as perpetually disturb this lower World. I shall give you a remarkable instance of his turn of character in this respect: It pass'd in my room, the evening before his Departure.

He had resolved to set out with his *Gouvernante* in a post Chaise; but Davenport, willing to cheat him and save him some money, told him, that he had found a retour chaise for the place, which he might have for a trifle, and that luckily, it set out the very day, in which Rousseau intended to depart: His purpose was to hire a chaise, and make him believe this story. He succeeded at first; but Rousseau, afterwards, ruminating on the circumstances, began to entertain a suspicion of the trick. He communicated his doubts to me, complaining that he was treated like a Child; that tho' he was poor, he chose rather to conform himself to his circumstances, than live like a Beggar, on alms; and that he was very unhappy in not speaking the language familiarly, so as to guard himself against these Impositions. I told him, that I was ignorant of the matter, and knew nothing more of it, than I was told by Mr. Davenport; but if he pleas'd I shou'd make enquiry about it. *Never tell me that, reply'd he, if this be really a contrivance of Davenport's, you are acquainted with it, and consenting to it; and you cou'd not possibly have done me a greater Displeasure.* Upon which he sat down, very sullen and silent; and all my attempts were in vain to revive the Conversation, and to turn it on other subjects: He still answered me very dryly and coldly. At last, after passing near an hour in this ill-humour, he rose up and took a turn about the room: But judge of my surprise, when he sat down suddenly on my knee, threw his hands about my neck, kiss'd me with the greatest warmth, and bedewing all my face with tears, exclaim'd, *Is it possible you can ever forgive me, my Dear Friend: After all the testimonies of affection I have received from you, I reward you at last with this folly & ill-behaviour: But I have notwithstanding a heart worthy of your friendship: I love you, I esteem you; and not an instance of your kindness is thrown away upon me.*—I hope you have not so bad an opinion of me as to think I was not melted on this occasion: I assure you I kiss'd him and embrac'd him twenty times, with a plentiful effusion of tears. I think no scene of my life was ever more affecting.

I now understand perfectly his Aversion to company, which appears so surprising in a man well qualify'd for the entertainment of Company, and which the greater part of the

• Addressed to the Revd. Dr. Hugh Blair at Edinburgh.

World takes for affection. He has frequent and long fits of the spleen, from the state of his mind or Body, call it which you please; and from his extreme Sensibility of temper, during that disposition, Company is a torment to him. When his spirits and health and good humour return, his fancy affords him so much and such agreeable occupation, that to call him off from it gives him uneasiness; and even the Writing of Books, he tells me, as it limits and restrains his fancy to one subject, is not an agreeable entertainment. He never will write any more; and never shou'd have wrote at all, could he have slept a-nights. But he lies awake commonly, and to keep himself from tiring, he usually compos'd something, which he wrote down when he arose. He assures me, that he composes very slowly, and with great labour and difficulty.

He is naturally very modest, and ever ignorant of his own Superiority: His fire, which frequently rises in conversation, is gentle and temperate; he is never, in the least, arrogant and domineering, and is indeed one of the best bred men I ever knew.* I shall give you such an instance of his modesty as must necessarily be sincere. When we were on the road, I recommended to him the learning of English, without which, I told him, he wou'd never enjoy entire liberty, nor be fully independent, and at his own disposal. He was sensible I was in the right; and said, that he heard there were two English Translations of his *Emile* or *Treatise of Education*; He wou'd get them, as soon as he arriv'd in London; and as he knew the subject, he wou'd have no other trouble, than to learn or guess the words: This wou'd save him some pains in consulting the *Dictionary*; and as he improv'd, it wou'd amuse him to compare the Translations, and judge which was the best. Accordingly, soon after our arrival, I procur'd him the Books, but he return'd them in a few days, saying that they cou'd be of no use to him. *What is the matter*, reply'd I.—*I cannot endure them*, said he; *they are my own work, and ever since I delivered my Books to the Press, I never cou'd open them, or read a page of them without disgust*.—That is strange, said I, *I wonder the good reception they have met with from the World has not put you more in concord with them*.—*Why*? said he, *if I were to count suffrages, there are perhaps more against them, than for them*.—But, rejoin'd I, *it is impossible but the style and eloquence and ornaments must please you*.—*To tell the truth*, said he, *I am not displeas'd with myself in that particular: But I still dread, that my Writings are good for nothing at the bottom, and that all my Theories are full of Extravagance*. *Je craigne toujours que je geche par le fond, et que tous mes systemes ne soient que des extravagances*.—You see that this is judging of himself with the utmost severity, and censuring his Writings on the Side where they are most expos'd to Criticism.

cism. No feign'd modesty is ever capable of this courage. I never heard — reproach himself with the —: Nbody ever heard you express any remorse, for having put Ossian on the same footing with Homer.

Have I tir'd you, or will you have any more Anecdotes of this singular personage? I think I hear you desire me to go on. He attempted once to justify to me the morality of his new *Heloisa*, which, he knew, was blam'd, as instructing young people, in the Art of gratifying their Passions, under the cover of Virtue and noble and refin'd sentiments. You may observe, said he, that my *Julia* is faithful to her husband's bed, tho' she is seduc'd from her duty during her single state. But this last circumstance can be of no consequence in France, where all the young *Ladies* are shut up in Convents, and have it not in their power to transgress: It might indeed have a bad effect in a protestant Country. But notwithstanding this reflection, he told me, that he has wrote a Continuation of his *Emilie*, which may soon be publish'd: He there attempts to show the effects of his plan of Education, by representing *Emilie* in all the most trying situations, and still extricating himself with courage and Virtue. Among the rest, he discovers that *Sophia*, the amiable, the virtuous, the estimable *Sophia*, is unfaithful to his bed, which fatal accident he bears with a manly and superior spirit. In this work, added he, I have endeavoured to represent *Sophia* in such a light that she will appear equally amiable, equally virtuous, & equally estimable, as if she had no such Frailty.—You take a pleasure, I see, said I, to combat with difficulties in all your works.—Yes, said he, I hate marvellous and supernatural events in Novels. The only thing that can give pleasure in such performances is to place the personages in situations difficult & singular. Thus, you see, nothing remains for him but to write a Book for the instruction of Widows; unless perhaps he imagines that they can learn their lesson without instruction.—Adieu, Dear Doctor; You say that you sometimes read my letters to our common friends; but you must read this only to the initiated.

Yours, usque ad aras.

DAVID HUME

Lisle Street Leicester fields,
23 of March 1766.

VOYAGES IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

CHAP. XV.

Proceedings of a Patriot Ship; fate of the Mutineers of the *Rosa*; execution of Mr. Griffiths.—The Author takes the Command of the Brig.—They destroy Monterey.—Other Proceedings in these Seas briefly noticed.—The Author returns home.

In September the ship Levant, Captain Carey, of Boston, arrived at Honora from the Columbia River, and informed us, that the Establishment belonging to the N. W. Company was to be given up to the Americans. We put the remainder of our wood on board of this ship, and by the end of September were nearly ready to leave the islands: when a large ship, called the Ar-

* This letter is dated in March 1766. In the course of the succeeding year; Mr. Home was taught not to think quite so favourably of his position in those particulars.

gentina touched at Owhyhee. She mounted forty-four guns, belonged to the Independents of South America, and was commanded by Don Hypolito Bouchard, a Frenchman. They had taken many prizes, but none of any value; the crew was very sickly, scarcely now out of 260 to work the ship. Captain Bouchard demanded the ship Santa Rosa and crew from Tameameah, which was immediately complied with. He forgave the men on a promise that they would behave better in future, and brought both ships down to Woahoo to refit. On their arrival, Captain Bouchard came to our houses, where he spent most of his time, often inviting us on board. He took a particular fancy to me, and asked me to command the Santa Rosa; to which I agreed, and in October, 1818, entered on my office. We sailed for Atoo, to take on board some of the Santa Rosa's mutineers, who had been left there by the brig, and got four of them, but could not find Mr. Griffiths. The Commodore being determined to shoot him, told Tamooree, that if the man was not produced he would destroy the fort and set fire to the village. Three days after Griffiths was sent in a prisoner, tried by a court martial, and sentenced to be shot, having but two hours to make his peace with the Almighty. He was brought down to the beach (where the Patriot colours were displayed) blindfolded, and shot by four marines, belonging to the Argentina. Many hundreds of the natives were collected to witness the execution. The corpse was buried on the beach at high-water-mark; the ships then made sail for Woahoo, for some more of the men who had run away, and found that they had escaped to Mowee: the Commodore being determined not to leave a single mutineer on the islands, proceeded thither in pursuit of them, and on arriving learnt that they had gone to the mountains. Don Hypolito then hired a number of natives to pursue the fugitives, and they were brought on board in three days. They were tried by a court martial, one was sentenced to be shot, the other to get twelve dozen lashes; they were brought on deck, and the former was reprieved, but the other received the punishment, which tore his back in a shocking manner. The ships then made sail for Woahoo, where we took on board a supply of hogs and vegetables and a number of natives; and on the 20th of October we took our final leave of those friendly natives, bound for the coast of California, to cruise against the Spaniards. The ship Santa Rosa was American built, about 300 tons burthen; mounting eighteen guns, twelve and eighteen pounders, with a complement of 100 men, thirty of whom were Sandwich Islanders, the remainder where composed of Americans, Spaniards, Portuguese, Creoles, Negroes, Manila men, Malays, and a few Englishmen. The Argentina had 260 men, fifty of whom were Islanders, the remainder a mixed crew, nearly similar to that of the Santa Rosa. On our passage towards California we were employed exercising the great guns, and putting the ship in good condition, for fighting, frequently reading the articles of war which are very

strict, and punish with death almost every act of insubordination.

After getting a supply of eggs, oil, &c. from the Russians, we made sail towards the bay of Monterey. The Commodore ordered me into the bay, and to anchor in a good position for covering the landing, while he would keep his ship under weigh, and send his boats in to assist me. Being well acquainted with the bay I ran in and came too at midnight, under the fort; the Spaniard hailed me frequently to send a boat on shore, which I declined. Before morning they had the battery manned, and seemed quite busy. I got a spring on the cable, and at daylight opened a fire on the fort, which was briskly returned from two batteries. Finding it useless to fire at the batteries, the one being so much above us that our shot had no visible effect, the Commodore came in with his boats, and we landed on Point Pinos, about three miles to the westward of the fort; and before the Spaniards had time to bring their field-pieces to attack us, we were on our march against it. We halted at the foot of the hill where it stood for a few minutes, beat a charge and rushed up, the Sandwich Islanders in front with pikes. The Spaniards mounted their horses and fled; a Sandwich Islander was the first to haul down their colours. We then turned the guns on the town, where they made a stand, and after firing a few rounds, the Commodore sent me with a party to assault the place, while he kept possession of the fort. As we approached the town, the Spaniards again fled, after discharging their field-pieces, and we entered without opposition. It was well stocked with provisions and goods of every description, which we commenced sending on board the Argentina. The Sandwich Islanders, who were quite naked when they landed, were soon dressed in the Spanish fashion, and all the sailors were employed in searching the houses for money, and breaking and ruining every thing. We took several Creole prisoners, destroyed all the guns in the fort, &c. We had three of our men killed and three taken; next day a party of horsemen came in sight, to whom the Commodore sent a flag of truce, requiring the governor to give up our people and save the town. Three days were granted to consider this proposal, and on the third day, not receiving an answer, he ordered the town to be fired. After which we took plenty of live stock on board, wood, water, &c., and on the 1st day of December got under weigh from Monterey, and stood along the coast to the southward.

On the 4th we made a village, called the Ranch (near Point Conception) where we intended to call for provisions, got the boats all ready, landed a party without opposition, and took the town, all the inhabitants flying on our approach. The men remained all night, and next morning the place was plundered. About noon a lieutenant and two seamen having strayed a short distance from the town, a party of horsemen rushed on them, threw the lassaws over their heads and dragged them up a neighbouring hill, before we could render them any assist-

ance. This so enraged Captain Bouchard, that he ordered the village to be fired instantly, and embarked all the men. After dark we again landed a party well armed to try and surprise the Spaniards and make some prisoners, but they next morning embarked without success. We then weighed and made sail along shore to the southward, two miles from shore, a great number of Spanish troops riding along the beach at whom we fired several shot. In the evening of the 8th of December, we were off the town and mission of St. Barbara, in latitude $34^{\circ} 36' N.$ and longitude $119^{\circ} W.$; it falling calm we hoisted the boats out to tow the ships into the bay, where we anchored, the town bearing N. by W. one mile, seemingly deserted. We fired a gun and hoisted the colours with a flag of truce, and sent a boat on shore to say if they would give up our men we would spare the town; to which the governor agreed, and accordingly on the 10th we got our companions on board, weighed the anchor and made sail to the southward. We again ran into a snug bay, in latitude $33^{\circ} 33' N.$, where we anchored under a flag of truce. The bay is well sheltered, with a most beautiful town and mission, about two leagues from the beach. The Commodore sent his boat on shore, to say if they would give us an immediate supply of provisions we would spare their town; to which they replied, that we might land if we pleased, and they would give us an immediate supply of powder and shot. The Commodore was very much incensed at this answer, and assembled all the officers, to know what was best to be done, as the town was too far from the beach to derive any benefit from it. It was, therefore, agreed to land, and give it up to be pillaged and sacked.

Next morning, before daylight, the Commodore ordered me to land and bring him a sample of the powder and shot, which I accordingly did, with a party of 140 men, well armed, with two field-pieces. On our landing, a party of horsemen came down and fired a few shot at us, and ran towards the town. They made no stand, and we soon occupied the place. After breakfast the people commenced plundering; we found the town well stocked with every thing but money, and destroyed much wine and spirits, and all the public property; set fire to the king's stores, barracks, and governor's house, and about two o'clock we marched back, though not in the order we went, many of the men being intoxicated, and some were so much so, that we had to lash them on the field-pieces and drag them to the beach, where, about six o'clock, we arrived with the loss of six men. Next morning we punished about twenty men for getting drunk.

On the 23rd of December, we saw the island of Ceres, and hauled up for the east end of the island; in the afternoon we were boarded by some Russian hunters in boddarkees, assisted by about twenty of which we, at daylight, hoisted the boats out and towed to the anchorage. We came too on the S.E. side of the island, three quarters of a mile from the village: the Russians were

landed here by an American brig for the purpose of hunting the sea otter, on this as well as on the other islands about this coast. Their village consisted of about twenty miserable huts, covered with the skins of the sea lion and elephant, which are very plentiful. English and American ships frequently call here to fill up their oil.

We had a party on shore daily, hunting the deer, which are the only animals on the island, and killing the sea lion and elephant for the sake of their hearts and tongues, which we found very good. While we lay here five of the former mutineers took the first whale boat in the night and ran away. We sent the launch in pursuit of them, but it returned in three days, without having seen them. Captain Bouchard swore if he caught them he would immediately shoot them.

January 18th, 1819, having completed our wood and water, and refitting the ships, we got under weigh, intending to cruise off St. Blass, for the Manila ships.

January 22nd, we saw Cape St. Lucas, E. by S. about 30 miles, the sea all round covered with turtles, which we took on board as we wanted them. On the 24th, captured and scuttled a merchant brig.

We sent a party on shore at the Tres Marias to wood and water. We found a root resembling the tarow of the Sandwich Islands; the Islanders cooked some of it in the island fashion, and immediately after they had eaten of it their bodies and faces became swelled and bloated in a terrible manner, some died in a few days, and others lingered for ten days in the greatest agony. The Commodore lost twelve men in his manner. The Tres Marias are covered with wood, chiefly lignum-vite, black and white ebony, hard cedar, and many other kinds. There are plenty of parrots, monkeys, snakes, guanas, pigeons, doves, &c., and abundance of fish. We continually kept a party on shore hunting and fishing; in digging for fresh water we found plenty of ore, which our prisoners said was silver; the water is very bad, and brackish.

On the 9th of July we made the harbour of Valparaiso. His Majesty's ships Andromache and Icarus were here, with all Lord Cochrane's squadron fitting out for Lima. On the 17th, the Argentina arrived in very great distress for provisions and water; she had buried about forty men; the ships were laid up, and most of the crews entered on board the Chilian fleet.

I now applied to Captain Bouchard for my pay and prize-money, and told him I was heartily sick of the service of the Independents,* and that I intended to go to England in the first vessel that sailed for that country, the port being then embargoed on account of the expedition going against Peru; he replied that he could not pay me, unless I continued in the service and took the ship to Buenos Ayres; which I declined doing, and left her in charge of Mr. Woodburn, the first Lieutenant.

* No wonder! for, from this sketch of their proceedings, they seem to be pirates and murderers.---ED.

Lord Cochrane's squadron were wretchedly manned; they send parties of soldiers up the country and impress the countrymen and send them on board the fleet; half the complement of each ship is composed of Chileños and blacks; their troops are chiefly black.

We do not find sufficient interest in the sequel of these adventures to render it advisable to give the details, and shall only add, that the writer of our journal, Mr. Corney, arrived in London on the 15th of February, 1820, after an absence of nearly seven years, full of vicissitudes.

Original Poetry.

GREECE.

Is it but the hollow wind
Thro' the dreary sea beach sounding—
Is it but the hunted hind
Thro' the leafy desert bounding?
'Tis the tread of Grecian men,
Rushing thro' the twilight pale;
'Tis the echo of the glen
To their trumpet's brazen wall.

What has lit that sanguine star,
Sitting on the mountain's brow?
'Tis the fiery sign of war
To the warrior tribes below.
Where was born the sudden flash,
Darting upwards from the shore?
Answer—sword and target's clash!
Answer—Freedom's hallow'd roar!

Onward comes the mighty column,
Winding by the silver sea;
To its chaunt severe and solemn,
Athen's hymn of liberty!
Now they climb the Spartan mountain,
Now they sweep th' Arcadian vale,
Now beside the Argive fountain,
Glitters in the morn their mail!

Like a storm the march advances,
With a deep and gathering sound;
Now above the throng of lances,
See the ancient flags unbound!
Bearing each a glorious name,
Each a summons to the soul,
Each a guiding lightning flame,---
Soon the thunderbolt shall roll!

Not a spot that host are treading,
But has been a hero's grave;
But has seen a tyrant bleeding,
But has seen a ransom'd slave!
Malem, fly! thy hour is come,
For the sword shall smite the chain
In that shout has peal'd thy doom,
Greece shall be herself again!

Trissino.

Biography.

MRS. PIOZZI.

ONLY a very brief and scanty record of this lady's life having appeared in the journals and magazines, we have thought it due to the prominent station which she so long held in the literary world to collect some farther particulars of her career, in the same course with which some of the most distinguished men of the age ran their race, and, together with some of her unpublished writings, present them to the notice of our readers.

Hester Lynch Salusbury was of a good family, being the daughter of John Salusbury, Esq. by Miss Hester Maria Cotton, formerly of Bach-y-Graig, in North Wales, and niece to Sir Thomas Salusbury, who rose to considerable eminence as a civilian in Doctors' Commons. She was born in 1740, at Bodvel, in Caernarvonshire, and received a regular classical education under the superintendence of the late learned Dr. Collyer. Of her early years we have but little information; they must have passed in ardent study, otherwise she could never have acquired that variety of knowledge, and that general acquaintance with literature, which she so soon began to display; for, besides an acquaintance by no means superficial with the Greek and Latin languages, Miss Salusbury was considered to be a tolerably good Hebraist, acquirements which, added to her great personal attractions, conduced to render her the admiration of the fashionable circles to which she was introduced.

In her twenty-fourth year Miss Salusbury married Henry Thrale, Esq. an eminent brewer, of Southwark, who was, soon after his marriage, introduced by Mr. Murphy to Dr. Johnson, with whom he cultivated an intimacy which ended only with his life. So agreeable was this connection, that the Doctor, as is well known, soon became one of the family, and had an apartment appropriated to him both in their house at Southwark and in their villa at Streatham. It appears that during the interval of Dr. Johnson's sojourn in Mr. Thrale's house, many differences arose between him and Mrs. Thrale's mother. Previous to her death, however, which happened in 1773, the Doctor and this lady were perfectly reconciled, and he consented to write an inscription for her tomb a few years afterwards. Whatever petty squabbles might have arisen out of the overbearing and impatient manners of Johnson, it is quite certain that this intercourse contributed for fifteen years to the prolongation and comfort of his valuable life; and when the benevolent master of the family sank into the grave, the remembrance of his kindness was acknowledged by the living object of his regard, with the confession that with him were buried many of his hopes and pleasures; that the face upon which he had looked for the last time had never been turned upon him but with respect and benignity; that he obtained from him many opportunities of amusement, and turned his thoughts to him as a refuge from disappointment and misfortune.

The death of Mr. Thrale took place April 4th, 1784. Dr. Johnson was with him when he expired.

Mrs. Thrale could not submit to the dictatorial way in which our great Lexicographer interfered in her concerns and family; and to release herself from them altogether, without positively offending the doctor, the widow took advantage of an unsuccessful law-suit, and pleaded her inability of purse to remain longer in London or its vicinity. "I had been crossed in my intention of going abroad, (says this lady in her anecdotes,) and found it con-

venient, for every reason of health, peace, and pecuniary circumstances, to retire to Bath, where I knew Dr. Johnson would not follow me, and where I could for that reason command some little portion of time for my own use; a thing impossible while I remained at Streatham, or at London, as my horses, carriage, and servants, had long been at his command, who would not rise in the morning till twelve o'clock perhaps, and oblige me to make breakfast for him till the bell rang for dinner, though much displeased if the toilet was neglected, and though much of the time we passed together in blaming or deriding very justly my neglect of economy, and waste of that money which might make many families happy."

Epistolary intercourse of a very cordial description was kept up, however, between Mrs. Thrale and the Doctor, until her second marriage with Seignor Piozzi, a native of Florence, and a music-master of the city of Bath, when an expostulation on the part of Johnson, implying his disapprobation of this step, seems altogether to have dissolved their friendship.

On the 6th September, 1784, Mrs. Piozzi, rejecting the last advice Johnson ever gave her, set out with her husband on a continental tour through France, Italy, and Germany, and passing through Calais, Boulogne, Montreal, Amiens, Chantilly, &c. arrived at Paris, where they remained, however, but a short time. After having inspected the principal objects of curiosity in the French capital, Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi proceeded to Lyons, Turin, Mont Cenis, Novalesa, Genoa, Pavia, and Milan, where they took up their winter quarters. From this place they passed on to Venice, by way of Padua, Mantua, Verona, &c. From thence, on the twenty-first of May, 1785, they returned up the Brenta in a barge to Padua. They next visited Ferrara, Bologna, and Florence, where they took up their abode for some time.

During her stay here, Mrs. Piozzi formed an acquaintance with several English persons of both sexes; and, among others, Messrs. Merry, Parsons, and Greathead, of Della Cruscan notoriety, in conjunction with whom she printed a volume of miscellaneous prose and verse, intitled, "The Florence Miscellany," of which a few impressions only were struck off, as presents to the poetical friends of the authors. Specimens of this fantastical production, however, appeared in *The World*, (the origin of *The Morning Post*,) and excited some curiosity in the public mind, but the folly was finally destroyed by the masterly satire of Mr. Gifford.

But, although Mrs. Piozzi had the misfortune to be a member, and almost the founder of the association, it is equally certain that she was, by many degrees, the most sensible and well-informed person in this band of affected versifiers. Her admirable tale of the "Three Warnings," is worth all the Della Cruscan fopperies put together.

On September 12th, 1785, the subject of our memoir and her husband left Florence and its attractions, and visited Lucca, Pisa,

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